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OCT 31 2019

AT SEATTLE
CLERK U.S. DISTRICT COURT
WESTERN DISTRICT OF WASHINGTON
BY

Dear Justice Ricardo S. Martinez

I always knew the principles of honesty and responsibility. but, during incarceration I came to witness by first account how significant it is to live by these standards. I have plead guilty to one count of Arson. I'm now serving double the recommended sentence due to my dishonesty in Court.

The years leading up to 2014 were very troubling for many muslim and Arab communities, as well as Libyans. Although I was born in the United States and have been living in Washington since 2009 I was not an American. but I am changing. Seeking education and other positive opportunities I didn't participate in the overthrowing of Gaddafi's regime causing me to feel ashamed. This led to my self destructive abuse of excessive Alcohol and Marijuana use.

I take full responsibility of my actions and have completely submitted to the consequences. I only wish that government officials and informants didn't intimidate and manipulate my vulnerable state at the time.

My parents had left the U.S. when I was just four months old. I grew up overseas until I was 25 years old then moved back west. I went to community college to further my education. Then, I was denied at the registration window because I failed to sign up with Selective Service. No one told me there was any alternatives.

My first job was making pizza earning five dollars an hour illegally. I continued working there until I could afford a nursing program I had seen in Newspaper ad.

The language was a big challenge. With hard work and dedication I received Certificates. I was permitted to work with the Certificate, up to a year. I worked the grave-yard shift as a CNA Certified Nurse assistant at Everett Rehabilitation Center. During the day I went to school at Everett Community College through Federally funded program. Trying to save time and energy, I was sleeping in my van at the College lot. I Couldn't Complete the Aviation Maintenance Technology program. I don't know why picture of some of Aviation Certificates were taken as part of the evidence in this case. The nurse in charge of my orientation taught me a few tricks to make my job easier. When the head Nurse found out about these short cuts I was laid off due to the recession I was told but I think I was fired. I had no choice but to go back to the food industry. I tried to enlist with the Armed Forces but was arrested before receiving an answer. Throughout the years my anger started to grow out of control. I was arrested eight times in less than a year, three of which had found ground for charges, but, only one misdemeanor assault I was found guilty of. By then my anger had gone far beyond my control. I feel these were tools used to establish a jobless, homeless, and lonely being.

New Year's 2014 was a few weeks after my return to The U.S. I had returned from a 40 day visit to Libya. Being away for 7 years made me feel like a stranger in the place I had grown up. I didn't know what was happening to me when I was gasping tears, breathing heavily and staring at nothing. I had been held at gun point and shot at point blank. Now I know that it was a Nervous break down. I had few panic attacks since then. I took part in a peaceful protest but it had turned into a frontline war zone. My family was crying when I was leaving their home again. And I had an anxiety attack today. I don't drink or smoke No More tho!

New Years Eve 2014 was Cold and rainy in Seattle. I was living in my 1975 Ford Maverick that wasn't running. It was Cold, wet and Moldy. The upright seats made it very uncomfortable. I had an internet, but I still managed to get out of my Circle of influence. The Connection wasn't working properly. It was posting pictures and statement on it's own. Some times ~~it~~ think it was hacked. I left the Car and went to a small Cafe Next to the Mosque I'm living in front of. Inside the Cafe the Customers subject of discussion was New year parties and guns. I eat rice and beef, and drank chai quietly then left for a smoke. I walked one block west to a liquor store and got a small bottle of whisky. I crossed Union st to wild girl bar. I had two nice French Canadian beers called *l'ain delmond*. It means the end of the world. I spoke to a fat healthy black guy and played pool with others who were white. I felt dark when I went out to smoke again. shielded from the rain at a bus stop near a burned down Moroccan restaurant on Union st and 23rd Ave. I smoked weed and thought about the friends I knew as to how and where I can find them. I used a prepaid phone to call a few numbers but got no answer. I thought about driving but the Car was broken and I had no drivers license. It got even darker. There was a gas station across on 23rd. In a state like a Zombie I filled a red gas can that I collected from the car. I walked west toward the hill passed places where regular customers to where I worked were living. I don't know what I was thinking. I stop by my Moroccan friend Hot dog stand which was busy. I wish if he needed gas!! It was busy and I don't think he noticed me. I did stop at the gas station at Broadway Ave and I thought about starting a fire. I found an empty paper EPC shopping bag, placed my red gas can in it and placed it in the hallway of an out of business Blackbuster store.

I went to a place I never been in before except once two years prior. I was hand cuffed by the police after being beat by Security even though I havnt been in their business. I wasn't drinking at the time it was Ramadan 2011. The police let me go but they also didn't arrest anybody. I was given a Card with a name and Case Number on it then I went home. That was the first time I had been involved with the police in the U.S. except for the speeding ticket in Salem Oregon. I also was arrested at the Canadian border for suspicion of marijuana. I was released after a few hours when they realized the Contance left from the camping trip the day before was hookah tobacco. However, That was not in the record, so, every time I want to cross the border into Canada I was treated like a criminal that caused distance with my family in Canada. Back at the place I had never been in, Neighbour's Night Club, the female african-american Security guard Noticed my pierced ID, Commented on it and then let me into the club. I wish she didn't!! I paid \$20 fee and went into the building, earlier one of the customers in the Cafe Next to the Mosque mentioned going to Neighbour's. He was a Nigerian guy who had helped me try to get a job at American Seafood Company. I didn't see him in the club and never saw him again. My ID was pierced because of physical Control DUI and assault on a police officer. I was Found Not guilty of both Count. Even though I wasn't guilty of the these crimes my license was suspended for a year and the assault shows on my record. Back in the Club I got a Soda on Ice and explored the place. I thought about mixing the whisky in pocket into my drink. I got to the back where there was an opening to a bar. The bar had a porch where it had a view of Broadway Ave. I remember talking to an asian kid who was smoking Marijuana through a Vaporizer. When I was left alone I looked cross the busy street to where I had left the gas can.

I jumped over the rail and went to get the bag. I left it by the outside side of the rail and went back inside through the entrance. I didn't have to pay again, I was stamped Nervously. I went to collect the bag on the porch. After I had it I took out the can and wrapped it ~~in~~ leather jacket, then went inside. There were way more people by then. My ice soda was where I left it but I couldn't tell which was mine because there were more glasses on the table. I left the ^{gas} can and my jacket on a bench by the table. This is where my memory gets foggy. There was a show with drag queens, dancing and a count down then the lights went on. The place was starting to get empty. I went to the second floor which had been reserved for a birthday party earlier. The only ones were left was a girl accompanying a bartender who was cleaning his bar. I asked for a glass of water and drank it. I went back downstairs using a different stairway than the one damaged. I retrieved my jacket and gas can then splashed gas on the stairway. I left the half full upstairs near a window behind a plastic tree. On the way down I ignited my lighter and the flames were ~~light~~. I quickly left the club and walked through the alley where I was beaten two years ago to pine street, passed Seattle Central Community College and walked Broadway all the way until it turned to 10th Avenue. I left the whisky bottle untouched on a phone box by James St. where used to be all kind of different Art on the wall of the rail station. I passed what use to be my neighborhood for the past three years. I hid in a dark drive way of some building waiting for the bus. Hopped on 49 North to the U district. When I got off I went and slept on a wooden bench outside of the student Islamic Center at the University of Washington. In few days

In few days I was going to turn my self in for a misdemeanor happened a couple of weeks after the DUI / Assault charge. Officer Andree The same SPD officer

The same SPD officer who claim I had assaulted him, came to the scene of the misdemeanor and arrested me and left Cyreos to go home, Although I was the one who was physically harmed. I was/am still planning to appeal that charge.

I did waive my right to trial and my right to appear at my restitution hearing. I didn't understand what indictment meant. I didn't try to understand the law or how the system works. When I plead guilty in front of the Magistrate judge, a week out of Harborview Hospital after reconstructing my facial bones due to an injury I got while I was sleeping in King County jail. I was high and happy at the hearing. I was high on the two oxcontin pills I was saving for the pain at night. When the FBI came and got me from the County jail that morning I didn't know what to do with the pills so, I eat them. I was happy ~~to~~ because I felt safer in a Federal custody, even though, I knew I'm facing more time in prison.

According to the police report and Neighbour's employee the fire was put out with a fire extinguisher by one of the club's employees. I think it was the bartender who gave me a glass of water. The fire department's truck hoses were not used. The pictures in the police report doesn't show more than five square feet of burned carpet. The insurance report shows \$87,089.72 damage caused mostly by water and smoke damage as well as parking invoices and other fees. I think it's time for U.S. Court to investigate why I am serving a very harsh sentence.

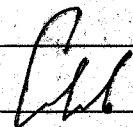
I never used to differentiate people by their ethnicity, race or color. I learned that in person. I still try not to let it affect me. I look forward to a productive life. I accept my responsibility to pay and repair past mistakes and help build the future for my and all the communities that shape our world. There for I ask your justice for relief. I want some of my rights back. I need my right to vote and my right to travel. I want my right to a restitution hearing and I pray for mercy and early release.

Thank you for taking the time in reading my telling the truth. I sincerely appreciate it.

MUSAB MM

Reg # 44359-086

Federal Correctional
Institution
Florence



Oct/24th/2019

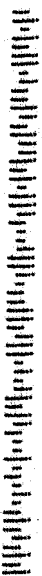
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OCT 30 2019

AT SEATTLE
CLERK U.S. DISTRICT COURT
WESTERN DISTRICT OF WASHINGTON
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96101-444864



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